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on Wednesday evening, of the proceedings, we had but little time to speak at all, and then only in the most general way. We have therefore taken the earliest opportunity of recording our unqualified approval, embodied in a few words appropriate to the occasion, in our columns of to-day.

Trinity Parish has long been striving to produce, in connection with the Liturgy of the Episcopal Church, a high and complete form of choral performance in the different Churches within her ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The difficulty, however, has been to obtain the services of some really educated musician as director of their choirs; who is not merely at home in the technicalities alone of general modern music, but who has been early and carefully trained to the services and traditions of the Mother Church, for which this particular or Cathedral kind of music has been especially written. The Cathedral form of Church music is, perhaps, the highest and most complete structure of any school of music bequeathed to the Episcopal service. To execute with precision and effect the choral service of a Cathedral Church, necessitates an intimate acquaintance with the great Church writers from the 14th down to the 17th and 18th centuries. The organist himself must not only be an accomplished performer on the organ, but must be well versed in thorough bass and counterpoint and all the various evolutions of ancient harmony, and must possess a natural aptitude for this species of performance. To this must be united the possession of sedulous application and the advantage of a long experience from childhood, in the workings and traditions of the Church, combined with a cordial and intelligent estimate of the religious services.

How far Trinity Parish has succeeded in this particular, may be best judged of by the magnificent performance on last Wednesday of the choir of St. John's, under the direction of Dr. James Pech.

On that occasion the interpretation of Nare's Service in F, and of the solos and chorus from the Messiah, was not a mere experiment. In every particular, the rendering and performance of the whole was one in which the magnetic and powerful influence of a master in his art was perceptible from the beginning to the end. The attack, the decision, the promptness, the *elan* of the whole, indicated the highest possible care and training by, and an implicit observance on the part of the entire choir to, the all-pervading influence of one strong and guiding mind. To listen to the outpourings of some forty or fifty voices, describing the most majestic harmony, draped in the choicest and judicious organ accompaniment of such an educated musician as he who presided over the musical destinies of Wednesday last, was a complete pleasure not often, if it ever had been before, given in any church in this country. The entire press of Thursday seemed to be unanimous in their expression of this superb service, superbly performed; for they spoke of it in the highest terms of approval and satisfaction.

It is not long since "The Festival of the Trinity Choirs" brought together the united forces of the entire parish, forming in themselves a body of upwards of one hundred voices; and these aided by external help of some 300 to 400 voices from different sources in the city, produced under Dr. James Pech, two very admirable performances of the *Messiah* in one week. In this too, he re-

ceived the unqualified approval of the best of the literary journals of the day; one of which, devoted, entirely to art, remarks with earnestness, that he has proved himself one of the most competent oratorio and choral conductors in the country.

With such resources, then, what cannot be accomplished in Trinity parish in the promotion of sacred music. A man of Dr. James Pech's *calibre* but requires sufficient scope and support in his efforts to raise the standard of church and oratorio music. With his hands properly strengthened, Trinity may become a model of excellence, in her music, for the whole country. She has the wealth, and can command the talent. It is not necessary for us to say that money is a mighty lever in the promotion of every enterprise. It is alike applicable to the progress of art and literature, as to commerce. Without it, the highest educated artist and the most energetic efforts must eventually languish and fall.

Dr. James Pech may then be congratulated upon the possession of an influential position, supported by a liberality which only a Corporation such as Trinity can accord with ease, and by which may be promoted and encouraged the highest order of music and musical talent in the parish.

#### A GROUP OF ARTISTS.

##### CHOPIN AND HIS FRIENDS.

It is a winter evening. The fire burns upon the hearth. Without, splendid equipages roll past, and, by the light of the lanterns, may be seen little rose-adorned heads, sparkling diamonds, fluttering garments at the windows within. Paris dances to-day in the Tuileries, in the theatre, in the *Closerie de Lilas*, in the *Jardin d'Hiver*, and who knows where beside. The great music-room of the Hiller house is pleasantly warmed and lighted; there is dancing there, too, yet the dancers are only ten fingers, the fingers of Chopin. In a marble vase upon the table there are violets, the pure favorite flower of a pure empress, shedding their fragrance around. An Erard grand piano stands in the middle of the room, in front of it sits the young, dreamy Chopin. He seems scarcely to touch the keys, as from the far-off distance floats a passionate, yet wailing dance melody; drawing nearer and even nearer, it grows louder as it approaches; he is playing his wondrous mazurkas and fantastic waltzes. Hiller himself, with his artist brow and twinkling eyes, stands beside the player, not losing the breath of a tone. Near the hearth, beside the cheerfully blazing fire, sits the venerable Cherubini, with absent mien, and yet listening in spite of himself to the magic sounds; it disturbs and yet fascinates him—the concluding chorus of his *Requiem* is forming in his mind. Near him lounges Adolph Nourrit, the noblest "Pylades" to Gluck's "Orestes," who ever trod the stage. When he sung the celebrated aria:—

"*Nun einen Wunsch, nur ein Verlangen,*" the ladies were not the only ones affected to tears. His voice was of a wonderful sweetness, and yet powerful, and his style, if less dramatic than elegiac, was, nevertheless, always noble and feeling.

On the other side of the fireplace the violinists Lafont and Bailliot had taken their places. Behind them arose the characteristic profile of the young Berlioz; a world of

thoughts lie buried beneath his beautiful brow, with its framework of dark hair. In the window alcove stands Ary Scheffer, the genial painter, surveying the group with earnest eye. There is somewhat in his noble head that recalls the painter's celebrated picture, "St. Augustin with his mother, Monica." Not far from him in the darkest corner, sits a pale man, in an attitude of almost hopeless depression, the cheek resting upon the slender hand, the eyes, with their far-off expression, plainly bespeaking the soul within. About the mouth there hovers an ineffaceable impress of pain, the expression of an endless "Heimweh," which renders the rare smile inexpressibly touching. The brow is of a lofty beauty, clear and light. It is the author of letters from Paris, of intellectual *critiques*, and enthusiastic reminiscences of Jean Paul: Ludwig Börne: Music is his female friend; of it he has said:—"Music is prayer; whether given by the babe in lisping numbers, whether held by the rude child of Nature in rude form, whether by cultivated beings in passionate, soul-stirring words—Heaven hears to it with like satisfaction, and gives back as comfort to each the echo of his own feelings."

Chopin's playing was a wonder balsam for the soul of Börne. These ardent and melancholy spirits could not but understand and love one another.

Beside a table filled with exotic plants, from amidst whose luxuriance the statue of a Polyhymnia peeped forth, sat the chosen darling of the Graces and Muses, the poet of the "Book of Songs," Heinrich Heine. As his rival in the favor of the ladies appears the amiable, jocular composer of the "*Barbiere di Sevilla*," Rossini. Notwithstanding his weight, the rather corpulent gentleman was always "*Figaro-ci, Figaro-la*." Then the delicately-moulded head of Heine was yet untouched by the devastating ravages of illness that later so cruelly destroyed all his beauty, that the equalizing hand of death alone had power to smooth the distorted features. The blue eyes yet shone like stars, and the lips whispered the most bewitching absurdities, until a beautiful hand was laid upon his mouth. This time it was the lily fingers of the renowned and fascinating Delphine Gay, who, in Paris, was scarcely less celebrated as woman than as authoress. Heinrich Heine kissed the little hand at once meekly and passionately, for it had brushed by his lips softly as a rose leaf, just as Chopin's playing began. Now he had long forgotten the wanton sport. A deep melancholy was graven upon his brow, the head was sunken upon his breast, the long lashes almost touched the cheeks, many a beautiful eye at this moment rested upon the attractive profile. Perchance he dreamed poems to the fantastic melodies of Chopin. And over yonder, that young creature, that fairy-like being, with the great Southern eyes and the waves of dark hair—that woman with the smile of a child and the movements of the Graces, with whom *Maestro* Rossini had just been whispering? Who else than Marie Malibran, the great singer, the genial, warm-hearted woman, the idol of Paris! The Countess Merlin, her friend and protectress, had introduced her into the little German saloon. Also many other celebrated and uncelebrated pupils of Garcia were there, Mesdames Lalonde and Favart, and various flower-faces, who had only to appear to excite the warmest admiration.